



BLOCKPRINT

BLOCKPRINT, Feb. 18, 1958: "This is just to inform everyone, that the loyal few are growing weary and without prompt co-operation, the day will soon be at hand, when BLOCKPRINT produces an issue that fulfills nothing but its advertising and postal contracts."

BLOCKPRINT, Oct. 28, 1968: "This is just to inform everyone, that the loyal few are growing weary and without the prompt co-operation from the Student Council, the day will soon be at hand, when BLOCKPRINT produces an issue that fulfills nothing but its advertising and postal contracts."

LETTERS

BOYCOTT GRAPES

Dear Editor:

This summer I became a member of the Teamster's Union, Local 405, Turlock, California. This means that I can work in a peach cannery for \$2.35 an hour, seven hours a day, with a guaranteed ten minute break every two and a half hours and an hour off for lunch. I also am paid time-and-a-half on Saturdays and doubletime on on Sundays. This also means that if I ever cross a Teamster's Union picket line I am blacklisted by the union. I paid \$30 for my union book and pay \$8 a month dues when working. I have the entire union behind me if I am wronged, and against me if I cross union jurisdiction. I think I can get a monthly report from the union headquarters in St. Louis, Missouri, if I express such a wish to my local office; but I must belong to the union or C. W. Hume Co. won't hire me. Or Tri-Valley Growers. Or Tillie Lewis & Co.

This summer I also worked non-union in a field of

baby's breath: bundling the dried flower under a corrugated tin roof eight hours a day at 4¢ a bundle (approximately \$1.20 an hour). I was the slowest bundler in the place and much to my humiliation was some three times slower than my most successful counterpart. Field labor is a lucrative profession only in relation to the skill of the individual. My father knows a man who made \$60 in one day at the height of the peach picking season. He also says it's not uncommon among professional pickers. A trailer-house lady and her husband — migrant workers — told me once about the unfair competition of Mexican braceros: "They work too hard and expect too little". This statement was made prior to the ruling which denied Mexican nationals entry into California for their seasonal employ.

The unions had a lot of trouble trying to organize while the Mexican field workers were competitors, primarily because the braceros don't understand. About the need for "toilets in the fields, hand-washing facilities, cool drinking water, an end to discriminatory hiring practices and better pay," the benefits of unionization.

In California's super-organized agricultural business the sudden removal of braceros from the work force was a shock. I can remember televised pleas for farm help and angry news specials and plowed-under tomatoes. To the Mexican nationals it was a shock, too, as the 14,000 blackmarket Mexicans caught in California this summer would seem to indicate. They are walking across the border or being smuggled across in the black market on the hopes of being employed by the evil California growers.

Aside from the fact that the California grape pickers are perhaps the best paid field workers in the state, with



BLOCKPRINT

VOL. 19 NO.7

OCTOBER 28, 1968

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Subscription rates \$10.00 per year (\$3.50 per copy — 30 Issues). Printed by Printers' Service & Supply, Inc., 231 Douglas Avenue, Providence Rhode Island. Second-class postage paid at Providence, R. I. Published weekly on Mondays, except holidays and examination periods while the College is in session, by BLOCKPRINT, Rhode Island School of Design, 2 College Street, Providence, R. I. 02903.

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none of the union overhead, and that the labor unions are having a hard time protecting the grape pickers from unfair competition, the federal government is having a hell of a time trying to cure the problem of these illegally-entered Mexicans who insist on returning to California to earn luxury money (one television survey reported that the single most common item taken back to Mexico by the braceros was a sewing machine). The union is also having trouble with Governor Reagan who published against supporting the union-inspired boycott, and at least one California grape picker who wrote against the forceful intrusion of the union into his livelihood. I guess I personally, as a member in good standing of the food processing half of the Teamsters union, should be outraged, with Joe Traugott, at the "strike-breaking scab laborers from Mexico" and the "feudal" lords, the California growers. But I'm not.

Patricia Caine

Dear Blockprint:

Just one question. What is more important to our everyday life and therefore our economy; to our relations with other countries and therefore world peace: An ASTRONAUT or a PRESIDENT? That is the question. If the answer is the astronaut, then everything is geared for the best results. They are highly trained and carefully selected. Physical and mental abilities are top notch . . . Their past is minutely searched:
 — Have they been members or sympathetic towards the great communist conspiracy?
 — Are they emotionally stable?
 — Do they have standards?
 — Do they have a wife and two kids in a neat suburban district?
 — Are they practicing protestants?
 — What's their skin coloration?

All this is checked and rechecked before the intense and continual training that will eventually boost them off towards the lofty heights of celebrity . . .

There is a common point between presidents and astronauts in that the president's past is smeared across our TV screens by his opponents and the astronaut's past is filed on tape at the CIA; criterion for both being the same. But presidents seem to be noticeably less important figures in our society. No special training is required, no minimum intelligence. (c.f. Wallace). Although hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent per astronaut we still don't have a presidential training school (or P.T.S.; do not confuse with P.T.A.) No wonder the 1968 candidates are so disappointing. They didn't get a chance!

Why, if there had been a Presidential Training School, maybe our beloved Texan (and maybe even his Lady Bird) would have been familiar with other places or situations than his ranch before his consecration as U. S. President. And who knows — he might even have ventured outside of the United States . . . Now if honesty was in any way included in the game, perhaps Mr. Nixon wouldn't even have made a C- . . . Of course, if "Liberty and Justice for all" had any value in our P.T.S. Mr. Wallace would have been among the refused applicants.

Jonathan Daifuku

Dear Blockprint:

Just a short note in sympathy:

It's a shame that the "Student Council" is trying to get money to support what may be a superfluous number of student organizations has to cut down the budget of **Blockprint**. **Blockprint** is the ONLY student medium that reaches every member of Rhode Island School of Design and is probably the only benefit that a good portion of the student body gets out of their annual \$40.00 Student Activities fee. At this rate some students are paying \$40.00 for something which the "Student Council" only allots a little more than \$9.00. Also, I understand that the \$5.00 increase in the student activities fee last year was supposed to go to **Blockprint**. My question is — What's going on here?

Gilbert M. Glaubinger
 Arch '71

(What's going on here, Glaubinger? Nothing much. But that is the problem., Ed.)

SUPPORT GEORGE WALLACE

George Wallace and General Curtis "Bomb-them-back-to-the-stone-age" Le May are the best candidates for the Presidency of the United States. The record speaks well for both men. The average working man now has a candidate who will represent **his** views, not the views of the rich minority. In Alabama the average income is the 49th lowest in the United States. Helping to overcome the state's poverty problem is a 6% sales tax, the highest sales tax in the country. Such taxes help the unemployed, the poor whites and blacks, the farmers, and the factory workers by enabling them to pay a proportionately higher share of the tax burden. The institutionalized racism of Alabama also benefits the blue collar workers. The high Negro unemployment, bred and

preserved by racism, promotes a large working force which will work for very low wages. Because labor is a commodity which can be bought and sold, the blue collar worker must lower his price of labor to compete with the unemployed labor force. Alabama's fine school systems have also aided Alabamians in obtaining better jobs, higher wages, and a better standard of living. George Wallace has had his revenge on the upper class. Mr. Wallace has taxed the people, not the corporations and the rich who have created Alabama's plight, at a profit. True to his idol, the businessman, Wallace has insured that the corporate tax structure will not change . . . unless there is an amendment to the Alabama Constitution. Wallace has also landed a brilliant attack on the Washington Bureaucrats and Pseudo-intellectuals who check the washrooms and working conditions in Alabama factories. Wallace forgot to mention that last year 14,000 workers died on the job (incidentally, more workers died on the job than in Viet Nam). 90% of these accidents were caused by faulty machines, unsafe conditions, and employer neglect. George believes in law and order. While he was governor, Alabama had one of the highest murder rates in the country and led the world in the number of unsolved terrorist bombings. James Meridith will attest the the fact that George Wallace is not a racist; so will Medgar Evers and Dr. Martin Luther King. Alabama law protects all to make sure that there isn't any violence in the streets. George Wallace is the American Dream personified. Wallace believes in the equality of all, and helps to promote the system which insures that the rich get richer, and the poor get poorer.

J. Traugott

HOWARD ZINN LECTURE

Howard Zinn, who is currently Professor of Political Science at BU, has long been a moving force behind the American Peace Movement, and the drive for Black rights. Previous to his position at BU, Zinn was a professor of history at Spellman College, a Black women's college in Atlanta, Ga. With Ellen Baker, he led the early SNCC organization.

On behalf of the Peace Movement, Zinn went to Japan in 1965 by invitation of the Japanese Peace Movement. The purpose of that encounter was that he speak out concerning U. S. policy in Viet Nam. Howard Zinn accompanied Father Daniel Barrigan and

Tom Hayden in their effort to take U S. pilots out of Viet Nam. Early this year, he also attended the peace talks in Paris.

In addition to his efforts on the "fronts" of these problems, Zinn has also been the author of many books speaking to these issues. The most widely known of these are:

SNCC — The New Abolitionists, and Logic of Withdrawal. Zinn stresses, in the latter book, the need for immediate withdrawal of US troops from Viet Nam. This position has been the basis of nationwide polls, newspaper reviews, and public discussions.

This man's background of deep involvement enables him to speak with a real passion of reason, making all who will listen, begin to understand why this war must end immediately.

The RISD Peace and Freedom Committee is sponsoring a lecture here at RISD. Howard Zinn will speak this afternoon in **MEM HALL, AT 4:30 P.M.**

G. Whitsitt

Would you
care if Blockprint
looked like
the Providence Journal?

PAT PAULSON: AN ALTERNATIVE

Since there is little in the way of sound political reasons to recommend any of the candidates for the coming election, I think we should at least consider which man will provide the most chuckles when he appears on the tube.

Hubert Humphrey is very funny, though he doesn't try to be. Tricky Dick tries to be funny, but isn't. There is nothing funny at all about Wallace (unless you like black humor — no pun intended).

Pat Paulson represents an alternative to the sick humor of Old Politics. But just because Paulson is a comedian doesn't mean he isn't a serious candidate. He began his campaign by denying that he was running for office, and has been consistently vague on the major issues. Paulson has vigorously solicited funds for his campaign by personally selling lemonade (5¢ a cup) on the sidewalk and going door-to-door with 10¢ cookies. He also sold kisses to the public (25¢ plain, 50¢ fancy). Then, going for the Big Money, Paulson gave an 89¢ plate campaign dinner. "These are not my kind of people," Paulson said of those attending the gala affair. "Most of them probably won't even vote for me. But I don't care. I'm getting their money. And I don't feel bad about taking them in, either. Most of them could afford to pay \$1.29."

Paulson's political philosophy follows the words of Abraham Lincoln: "You can fool some of the people all of the time." Frankly, I'd rather be fooled by Pat Paulson than by Hubert Humphrey. Anyone interested in forming a Paulson for President Committee at RISD should contact me through **Blockprint**. Alex Silberstein

TWO CHAIRS WITHOUT SEATS

"Fifty-five degrees — convenient, isn't it?" The view from our wooden chairs is of the bygone splendor of historic South Main Street. Billboard spotlights shine on the decay of not only Madison philosophy, but of piles of garbage and scattered broken glass. A real glassy neighborhood. Warned by various signs that we could neither turn around nor park for more than an hour between 8 and 6 (anytime in certain areas) we are left no alternative but to venture into the bull's-eye of urban renewal's target. Immediately confronted by a nautical supply store advertising elec. trains (a possible alternative to electing Humphrey or Nixon?) and an empty, sunny-yellow dispenser for the Providence Journal, we could only thank the

powers that be for this spot of color in an otherwise-drab neighborhood. The Dolphin House, inhabited by attorneys and counselors, is one of the more attractive buildings. Certainly someone has been exerting his pull in City Hall. Forging onward, we are verbally assaulted with a malicious cry of "Hippie!" from a careening pickup truck. A '57 Cadillac limousine, an obvious bargain too big for the junk stores, waits humbly at the curb with an obscure "For Sale" sign taped to the rear window. Tearing ourselves away with great reluctance, we proceed to the "Silent Woman." Employee Eric Davis, student of architecture at RISD, provides us with the info that after Urban Renewal finishes, the buildings will be rented at four dollars per square foot per month. Warily coming back down South Main toward the highway, we see that the rat-traps disguised as commercial businesses are conveniently set up. The shop that distributes fire extinguishers may make a number of sales someday. The junk stores that follow vary only in the number of broken window panes and how many boards are nailed to the door. In its front window, Dave's Grille flaunts **Blockprint**, vol. 19, no. 4, the issue that carried "The Battle of South Main." Sock it to 'em, Dave — Perry has his copy preserved for posterity under a pane of glass. Sporting a new drainpipe secured by wire the second-hand store warehouse can't escape the torn plastic curtains hanging in the tenements above. The clock works in the bar next door — but apparently the bartender doesn't: another darkened building. Judging by the Mission of California Orange Drink and the Warwick Club Beverage signs boarding up its door, we know that the grocery store must have recently gone out of business. The Warr Scaffolding Company, a pretty solid structure, has its wall inscribed with the appellations of Junior Price, Big Walt, and Bobby Williams III. The next defunct grocery store we hit advertises "Snap Back With Stanback for Headache and Neuralgia." Too bad they're not open for business. By this time, and interview with one of the tenants seems apropos. David, body-guard for the night, has his matte knife open and ready. We wisely pick a tenement that has a light on. After knocking several times, we decide that the rats can't reach the doorknob to answer. Better luck in another tenement. We begin questioning — unfortunately minus our **Blockprint** I.D.'s. No sweat. The black tenants haven't been told that urban renewal's coming, and the interview ends. One of the more forward-thinking, defunct junk shops has a WICE sign in its grimy window: "Parade of Progress. \$100 Awards to Listeners. Get Entry Cards Here."

Kip Kopatch David Ireland





Will Tenney



THIS IS TAKE-A-BREAK

TAB isn't fox-trotting to the Joe Gallo Five, or shaking hands with 5,872 members of the Administration. It CAN be if you want to run around College Hill trying to find 5,872 members of the administration to shake hands with. We can have a football game with cheerleaders too if that'll make you happy. TAB is YOU!!! You make TAB what it is... or ain't. For those of you as yet uninformed, take-a-break is TAB, so here is a little TAB whatever:

TAB is yours in thirty days if nobody claims it. TAB is a mind of state, whatever that is. TAB is BAT spelled backwards. TAB is the resurrection and the light. TAB makes you to lie down in Green Pastures by Gilbert Franklin's statue. TAB is amen. TAB is awoman. TAB is definitely a family affair... especially after amen and awoman get together. TAB comes in a plain brown wrapper and is suggested for mature audiences only. TAB runs at 24 frames per second. TAB is as habit-forming as LSD only you only trip for a weekend. TAB is mind rot. You don't have to be Jewish to love TAB. TAB allows you too, to be like Melvin Goombah. TAB is a clean, but the Biltmore is a dirty. T.A.B. is better than either L.B.J. or H.H.H. TAB is something you don't invite your parents to, if you're cool. You'd better save your bread for TAB, cos TAB is gonna be expensive, cos we ain't like Brown and we ain't got alot of capitol... we got a neat state house, though. TAB means the Salvation Army and places like that, or else a barrel with suspenders. TAB means crowning Jenny the model and Charlie the model Queen and King of TAB, respectively. TAB means heavy sounds, blown eardrums, having a fight with your lover, booze, throwing up all over your rented tuxedo, losing your virginity, and all kinds a fun-stuff like that. TAB MEANS EVERY

LAST ONE OF YOU CREATIVE GENIUSES, FROM TEACHER ON DOWN THE LINE, SHOULD GET OFF YOUR BACKSIDE AND LEND YOUR CREATIVE GENIUS TO HELP MAKE THIS TAB SOMETHING THAT WHEN YOU TELL YOUR BEST PAL WHO GOES TO PO-DUNK MADRAS U HE'LL GO PARAPLEGIC WITH ENVY. We may be small, but that ain't all. TAB NEEDS YOU. WE NEED GRAPHIC IDEAS FOR POSTERS AND WHATEVER, WE NEED A SLOGAN AND WE NEED SATIRICAL SKETCHES FOR THE TAB SHOW (OR ALREADY COMPLETED SKITS, ETC.)... THE GREATEST THING ABOUT TAB OF ALL, EXCLUDING LAST YEAR, AND SKETCHES DON'T MEAN DRAWINGS, EITHER. Submit whatever you got to George Stavarinos, box 490 RISD... he's tired of rearranging the dust in his mailbox. You want it? You got it.

Jinx Rubin,
TAB Central Com.

VISION and REVISIONS

Thursday night the museum held its opening for the latest exhibit of the year. This time they've collected look-alikes from primarily the Renaissance period. The reasons for the similarities are either that the artists reworked their work, copied each other, or the museum arranged the drawings made in preparation for the paintings made in preparation for the paintings, so that of course they all looked alike. Something like sherry was served along with the tea and coffee and the patrons moved around the art studying the obvious likenesses. For this critic, the exhibit was the most boring thing to review in ages. Looking at another Rubens, with his animated crowd of horses, dogs, and infants prancing around the cross, is bad enough, but the rest of the show was only more of the same. There was one example of copywork where the print was exactly the same except for

the credits. Go upstairs to the British exhibit; all the artists there were born during the 30's, which means that they're in their 30's now. That must mean something, doesn't it?

Phil Copp

CHAMBER MUSIC

A concert of baroque chamber music, sponsored jointly by the School and the Museum, will be given in Gallery C-9 of the Museum at 3 p.m. on Sunday, November 3rd. The performers are Sonya Monosoff, violin, Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba, and Paul Maynard, harpsichord. The program includes works by Corelli, Bach, Scarlatti, and Rameau. Admission is free.

This is the first of three concerts planned for interested students, museum members, and the Sunday afternoon museum public. Later in the year, the Providence Chamber Players will perform the Schubert "Trout" Quintet, and Mme. Isabelle Nef, whose concert two years ago was a standout experience for all who heard it, will return to play again on the Museum's Ruckers harpsichord (originating from the 1600's).

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Sound Workshop meets in CB 432 on Tuesday afternoons at 4:30. This club really offers the only vocal experience in the school. If you've sung before, and would still like to, come on over.

Student Council for Tuesday, October 29, 7:00 p.m. 412 CB.

1. Council review of Architect Society, Art Ed. Soc. Camera Club.
2. Publications Report and recommendation on **Blockprint**.
3. Election of members at large.
4. Financial Committee's report.
5. New Business.

CALENDAR

MONDAY, October 14

- 4:30 p.m. Mem Hall — Howard Zinn. Lecture — Sponsored by Peace and Freedom Committee
7:00 p.m. Gym — Basketball — Alumni Group

TUESDAY, October 29

- 12:00 p.m. Gym — Dance Class
7:00 p.m. 425 — Peace and Freedom Committee Meeting
7:00 p.m. Student Council Meeting — CB 142
8:30 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — sign up at SAO

WEDNESDAY, October 30

- 5:00 p.m. 412 — Faculty Mtg.
5:30 p.m. Gym — John Fields Dance Class
6:45 p.m. 430 — Motorcycle Club Meeting
7:00 p.m. Gym — Mime Class
8:00 p.m. Boy's Club — Swimming

THURSDAY, October 31

- 12:00 p.m. Gym — Dance Class
7:00 p.m. Mem Hall — Film, "The Bicycle Thief"

FRIDAY, November 1

- 12:00 p.m. Gym — Mime Class
8:30 p.m. Refectory — Dance sponsored by the Dorm Council with N. Y. Band, \$1.

SATURDAY, November 2

- 7:15 p.m. Meehan Auditorium — Hockey Practice

SUNDAY, November 3

- 2:30 p.m. Mem Hall — Museum Film "The Man Who Wagged His Tail"
3:00 p.m. Museum C-9 Gallery — Baroque Trio with Sonya Monosoff, Judith Davidoff and Paul Maynard
7:00 p.m. Meehan Auditorium — Hockey Scrimmage
7:00 p.m. Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass

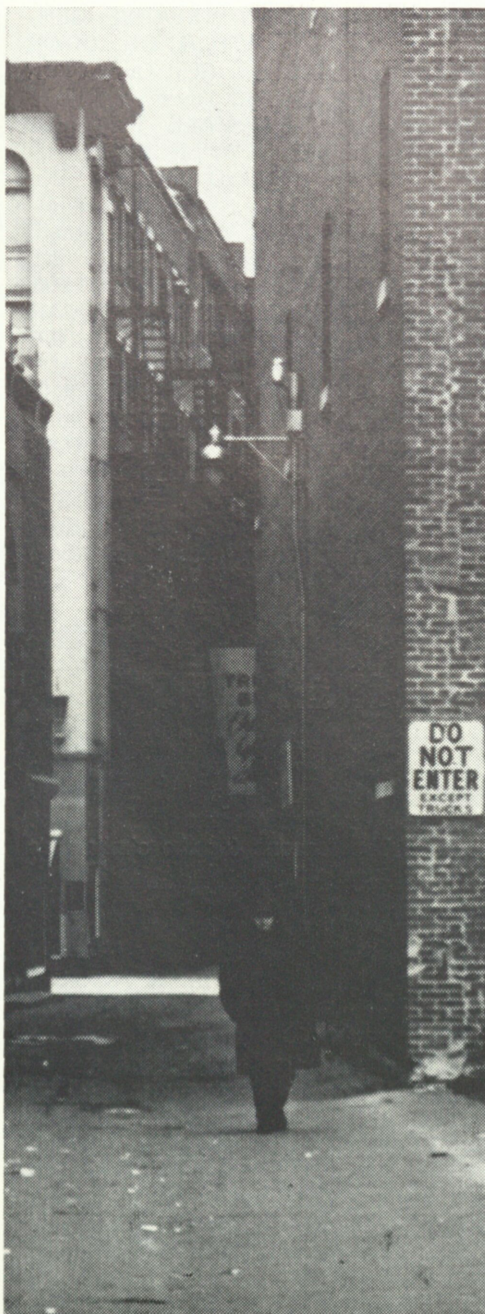


Photo by Will Tenney

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